

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Fribble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guide. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Fribble. Journey of Fribble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Fribble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A more serious subject was under discussion in the other canoe, meantime, as to the future disposition of Chip herself.

"I feel it my duty to take care of her," Angie said, after relating her conversation with Chip and that morning's incident. "She is a homeless, outcast wail, needing education and everything else to Christianize her. We must bring her to the settlement, but to turn her adrift might mean leaving her to a life of vice, even if she escapes her brutal father and this worse half-breed. Then, again, I am not sure that her parentage will bear inspection. She has told me something about her earlier life, and about her mother, who evidently loved her. One course only seems plain to me,—to take care of and educate this unfortunate."

"We must take the girl back with us and begin her reformation at the camp. If she shows any aptitude and willingness to obey, we will take her to Greenville. If not, you must arrange to get her into some institution." And suppose the half-breed finds where she is, what then?" inquired Martin.

"What do you say, Levi?" he added, turning to his guide, "you know this fellow; what will he be apt to do?"

"I suppose you know what a panther'll do, robbed of her cub," Levi answered, "an' how a bull moose acts in runnin' time, mebbe. Wal, this Pete is worse'n both on 'em biled into one, I callate. If you're goin' ter take the gal back, you've got to keep her shady, or some day you'll find her missin'. Besides, Pete, ez I told ye, don't know the meanin' o' law and is handy with a gun."

But Martin did not quite share Levi's fears, and so Angie's decision was agreed to. Levi's advice to "keep shady" was accepted, however, and all through that summer's somewhat thrilling experiences it was the rule of conduct.

When supper was over came the lounging beside the cheerful fire, and as the shadows thickened, forth came Ray's banjo once more, and with it the light of admiration in Chip's eyes.

All that day he had been her charming companion; his open, manly face, his bright brown eyes, had been ever before her. His well-bred ways, so unlike all the men at Tim's Place, had impressed her as those of a youth of 18 will a maid of 16; and now, with his voice appealing to the best in her, he seemed like Pan of old, once more wooing a nymph with his pipes.

No knowledge of this was hers, no consciousness of why she was happy came to her. She knew what spites were; but the god Pan and Apollo with his harp were unknown forms.

Neither did she realize that born in her soul that day, on the broad shining river, was a magic impulse woven out of her heart-throbs, and destined to mete out to her more sorrow than all else in her life combined.

She had entered the wondrous vale of love whose paths are flower-strewn, whose shores are rippled with laughter, and whose borders, alas! are ever hid in the midst of tears.

CHAPTER IV.

A week was spent by Martin and his party at the settlement, during which he acquired the title to township 44, range 10, which included the little lake near the hermit's hut, and made a four-square-mile tract about it.

Chip, thanks to Angie, secured a simple outfit of apparel and—surprising fact—evincing excellent taste in its selection, thereby proving that eight years of isolation and a gunny-sack and red-shirt garb had not obliterated the deepest instinct of woman.

To Levi, Martin's woodwise helper, was left the selection of fittings for the new camp. A couple of husky Canucks were engaged to bring them in a bateau, and then the party started on its return.

Only one incident of importance occurred during the wait at this village known as Grindstone. Angie and Chip had just left the only store there, in front of which a group of log-drivers had congregated, when Angie, glancing back, saw that one of the group was following them. She quickened her pace, and so did he, until just as they turned into a side street, he passed them, halted, and turned about.

"Wal, I'm damned if I ain't Chip, an' dressed like a laddy," he exclaimed, as they drew near.

"Hullo, Chip," he added, as they passed, "when did you strike luck?"

Chip made no response, and he muttered again, "Wal, I'm damned, jest like a laddy!"

It was annoying, especially to Angie, and neither of the two realized how soon this blunt log-driver's discovery would reach Tim's Place.

And now, leaving the bateau to follow, the party started once more on their journey into the wilderness. No sight or sign of pursuit from the half-breed had been thus far observed. A few idle lumbermen in the village—the only visible connection between the vast forest and a busy world—were little thought of, as their canoes crept slowly up the narrowing river and gave no hint of interference from this low brute to anyone except Levi.

He, however, seldom speaking, but ever acting, kept watch and ward continually. At every bend of the stream his eyes were alert to catch the first sight of a down-coming canoe in time to conceal Chip, as he decided must be done. When night camps were made, a site at the head of the lagoon or up some tributary stream was selected, and while not even hinting his reason for this, he felt it wise. As they drew near to Tim's Place, it began to occur to Martin that Chip's presence had best be concealed until that point was passed. He also desired to learn the situation there. He had always halted at this clearing in all his up-river journeys, so far, usually to buy pork and potatoes, and he now intended to do so again. He also felt it imperative to conceal Chip in Ray's canoe, before they reached Tim's Place, and let Ray paddle slowly on while the halt was made. But Levi dissented.

"Tain't best," he said, "to let Tim know there's two canoes of us and one not stoppin'. It'll make him suspicious o' suthin', 'n' what he 'spects, Pete'll find out. I callate we'd best pass that

this plague spot did she breathe easier."

"I was nigh skeered to death," she whispered to Ray when safety seemed assured, "an' if ever Pete finds I'm up whar the folks is goin', I'm a goner."

"Oh, we'll take care of you," returned that boy, with the boundless confidence of youth; "my uncle can shoot as well as anyone, and then Old Cy is up at the camp, and he's a wonder with a rifle. Why, I've seen him hit a crow a half-mile off!"

Smoke was ascending from the chimney, and the rising sun was just visible when Martin and Levi returned to Tim's. Mike was out in an enclosure, milking; Tim was back of the house, preparing the pigs' breakfast. The pigs were squealing, and a group of unwashed children were watching operations, when Martin appeared. A pleasant "Good morning" from him and a gruff one from Tim was the introduction, and then that stolid pioneer started for the sty. Not even the unusual event of a caller could hinder him from the one duty he most enjoyed,—the care of his beloved swine.

"You have some nice thrifty pigs," began Martin, when the pen was reached, desiring to placate Tim.

"They are thot," he returned.

"My guide and I are on our way into the woods, to build a camp," continued Martin, anxious to have his errand over with, "and we halted to buy a few potatoes of you and some pork. I have a couple of men following with a bateau," he continued, after pausing for a reply which did not come; "they will be along in a day or two with most of our supplies; but I felt sure I could get some extra good pork of you and some choice potatoes."

"You kin that same," replied Tim, his demeanor obviously softening under this flattery, and so business relations were established.

Martin had intended asking some cautious question regarding Chip or her father; but Tim's surly face, his unresponsive manner, and a mistrust of his wisdom prevented. He was blunt of speech, almost to the verge of insolence, and the arrival of Martin with all his polite words evoked not a vestige of welcome; and yet back of those keen gray eyes of his a deal of cunning might lurk, thought Martin.



"They Are Thot," He Returned.

"You kin that same," answered Levi, "an' I can't swear wimmen came. We'll say we're alone, 'n' you might say we're goin' to build a camp 'n' nother season fetch our wimmen in."

"But how about our men, on the return trip, after finding we have wimmen at the camp?" rejoined Martin. "They will be sure to tell all they know on the way back."

"We've got to keep the wimmen shady, an' fool 'em," answered Levi. And so his plan was adopted.

It was in the early hours of morning when the two canoes crept noiselessly past Tim's Place. The stars barely outlined the river's course, the frame dwelling, log cabin, and stump-dotted slope back of them. All the untidiness existent about this dwelling was hid in darkness, and only the faint sounds and odors betrayed these conditions.

But every eye and ear in the two canoes was alert, paddles were dipped without sound, and Chip's heart was beating so loudly that it seemed to her Tim and all his family must be awakened. Her recent escape from this spot and all the reasons forcing it, the fear that both her father and the half-breed might even now be there, added dread; and not until a bend hid even the shadowy view of

Two slovenly women peered out of back door and window while the interview was in progress. Mike came and looked on in silence; two of the oldest children were down by the canoe where Levi waited; the rest, open-eyed and astonished, seemed likely to be trodden on by some one each moment. When the stores were secured and paid for, and Martin had pushed off with Levi, he realized something of the life Chip must have led there.

He had intended not only to obtain potatoes, but some information of value. He obtained the goods, paying a thrifty price, also a good bit of cold shoulder, and that was all.

But Levi, shrewd woodsman that he was, fared better.

"I larned Chip's gone off with old McGuire," he asserted with a quiet smile when they were well away, "an' that Pete's swearin' murder agin him."

"And how?" responded Martin, in astonishment. "I felt that silence was golden with that surly chap, and didn't ask a question."

"I'm glad," rejoined Levi. "I wanted to tell you not to, and I've larned all we want. Children are easy to pump, an' I did it 'thout wakin' a hint o' 'spection. Tim's folks all believe Chip's gone with her dad. Pete thinks so, an' is watchin' for him with a gun. I 'spects, an' if so, the sooner they meet, the better."

It was gratifying news to Martin, and when the other canoe was reached, the two again pushed on, with Martin, at least, feeling that the ways of Fate might prove acceptable.

Three days more were consumed in

reaching the lake now owned by him, for the river was low, carries had to be made around two rapids, and when at last the sequestered, forest-bordered sheet of water was being crossed, Martin wished some titanic hand might raise an impassable barrier about his possessions.

Old Cy's joy at their return was almost hilarious. To a man long past the spasmodic exuberance of youth, loving nature and the wild as few do, the six months here with the misanthropic old hermit, then a month of more cheerful companionship, followed by the departure of Martin and Angie, made the forest home-coming doubly welcome.

But Chip's appearance, and the somewhat thrilling episode of her escape from Tim's Place and her rescue, astonished him. Like all old men who are childless, a young girl and her troubles touched a responsive chord in his heart, and on the instant Chip's unfortunate condition found sympathy. Her bluntly told story, with all its details, held him spellbound. He laughed over her description of spites, and when she seemed hurt at this seeming levity, he assured her that spites were a reality in the woods—he had seen hundreds of them. It was not long ere he had won her confidence and good-will, as he had Ray's, and then he took Martin aside.

"That gal's chaser's bin here 'bout a week ago," he said, "an' the worst-lookin' cuss I ever seen. I know from his description 'twas him. He kept quizzin' me ez to how long we'd been here. If I knew McGuire, or had seen him lately, until I got sorter riled 'n' began to string him. I told him finally that I'd been foolin' all 'long; that McGuire was a friend o' mine; that he'd been here a day or two afore, borrowed some money 'n' lit out for Canada, knowin' there was a bad man arter him. Then this one-eyed gazoo got mad, real mad, 'n' said things, an' then he cleared out."

When Martin explained the situation, as he now did, Old Cy chuckled.

"Tain't often one shoots in the dark 'n' makes a bull's-eye," he said.

"I think you and I had better keep mum about this half-breed's call," Martin added quietly, "and if Angie mentions it, you needn't say that you know who he was. It will only make my wife and the girl nervous."

The two tents were now pitched at the head of a cove, some rods away from the hermit's hut, and well out of sight from the landing, and to these both Angie and Chip were assured they must flee as soon as the expected bateau entered the lake, and remain secluded until it had departed.

In a way, it was a ticklish situation. All knowledge that this wail was with Martin's party must be kept from Tim's Place and this half-breed, or she wouldn't be safe an hour; and until the Canucks had come and gone, she must be kept hidden. Another and quite a serious annoyance to Martin was the fact that he had counted on these two men as helpers in cutting and hauling logs for this new camp. Only man-power was available, and to move logs a foot in diameter and 20 feet long, in midsummer, was no easy task; but Levi, more experienced in camp-building, made light of it.

"We'll cut the logs we need, clus to the lake," he said, "float 'em round, 'n' roll 'em up on skids. It's easy 'nough, 'n' we don't need them Canuckers round a minit."

It was four days of keen suspense to Chip before they appeared. Neither she nor Angie left the closed tent while they remained over night, or until they had been gone many hours, and then every one felt easier.

The ringing sound of axes now began to echo over the rippled lake, logs were towed across with canoes, a cellar under the new cabin site was excavated, and home-building in the wilderness went merrily on.

While the men worked, Angie and Chip were not idle. Not only did they have meals to prepare over a rude outdoor fireplace, but they gathered grass and moss for beds, wove a hammock and rustic chair seats out of sedge grass, and countless other useful aids.

Chip was especially helpful and more grateful than a dog for any and all consideration. Not a step that she could take or a bit of work that she could do was left to Angie; her interest and do-all-she-could desire never flagged, and from early morn until the supper dishes were washed and wiped, Chip was busy.

But Martin, and especially Levi, had other causes for worry than those which camp-building entailed. The fact that this "Perilous Pete," as Angie had once called him, would soon learn of their presence here, and hating all law-abiding people, as such forest brigands always do, would naturally seek to injure them, was one cause. Then, there were so many ways by which he could do harm. A fire started at one corner of the hut at midnight, the same Indian-like malice applied to their two tents, the stealing of their canoes or the gashing of them with a hunting-knife, and countless other methods of venting spite, presented themselves. In a way, they were helpless against such a night-provoking enemy. Over one hundred miles separated them from civilization and all assistance; an impassable wilderness lay between. The stream and their canoes were the only means of egress. These valuable craft were left out of sight and sound each night, on the lake shore, and so their vulnerability on all sides was manifest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Human Spirit Level.

Within the inner part of your ear, deep in the bone, is a quantity of fluid which acts as a spirit level, and enables you to keep your balance.

Gleanings of Gotham

Life in the Great Metropolis
Mirrored for Our Readers

MANY PERSONS SHELTERED BY CITY LODGING HOUSE

NEW YORK.—New York may be cold and inhospitable to the stranger, but wisdom and a knowledge of the twentieth century times will inform any and all benighted travelers in New York town that there is hospitality here. And the best in the world. 'Tis the municipal lodging house. Here is harbored many a derelict wayfarer on the sea of life. And his care is akin to that of the sweet and affectionate greeting of his parental home.

This municipal lodging house is located in First avenue, within the shadow of Twenty-third street. It has been established for many years. The law of the Empire state made the theory a fact January 2, 1886. It was put into practical action on a barge in the East river on March 11, 1886. A year later the welcome of the mighty city of the new world was brought to its present abode. The smallest year of free lodging was in 1906, when over 40,000 wrecks of humanity sought shelter within the city home. The largest was in 1899, when over 80,000 men and women begged charity. The greatest number ever sheltered in one night



PART OF COLUMBUS' RIB FOUND IN A CORNERSTONE

AMONG interesting relics found in a metal box which for more than 30 years rested in the cornerstone of the old consolidated stock exchange building, corner of Broadway and Exchange place, now being demolished to make room for a skyscraper, were particles of bones of Christopher Columbus. They were in a little gold urn which was in the box together with coins, newspapers, etc. A letter from G. W. Stokes to the late Charles G. Wilson, said:

"Herewith I hand you my contribution to the cornerstone of our new and beautiful exchange building. It is a few grains of all that remains of Christopher Columbus. Jesus Marie Castillo, a Cuban engineer, made some repairs in the walls of the cathedral in Santo Domingo. This structure was planned and partially built by Diego Columbus in 1511. In tearing away the defective masonry, Senor Castillo's men uncovered a leaden cask on which was inscribed 'Pre Alto du Christobal Colon.'"

Before surrendering this great find to the archbishop, Castillo abstracted from the casket a part of a rib. All the rest of the bones and dust is guarded day and night by the Dominican authorities. Aside from myself,

CUPID WILL HAVE HARDER TIME TYING LOVE KNOTS

HERE is sad news for those who are suddenly inoculated with the love germ. It will no longer be possible while in the midst of a cold bottle and a hot bird to hasten with your soul sister to some marrying parson and ask him to tie the knot. Nor will it do any good to dare your affinity to accept you for better or worse, or for her to say that she will not be dared, unless, of course, you have the necessary credentials. After next month New York will no longer be a "Gretna Green."

Beginning on January 1 next the business of getting married in the city and state of New York will become more expensive and much more complicated than it is at present. The last legislature passed an act which provides that a license must be obtained by the county of which the prospective



NEW YORK is shy of its crop of bachelors, dukes and other titled fortune-seekers this season. The few that are within its gates have made good, and society for the first time will have to pay homage to its own kin until after the holidays at least.

Then, it is said, many well-known young Englishmen will be seen in the Fifth avenue drawing-rooms, and not unlikely there will be another crop of international marriages. One of the visitors to these shores this winter will probably be Prince Francis of Teck. As titles go in these days the prince would be a great catch, but there is a possibility that the morganatic law might be invoked as a barrier. Of late there has been a hesi-



was April 20, 1901, when 561 persons were comforted in soul and body.

This citing of fact is not all. There is harbored within the walls of this great institution every profession known to man. It was but within a recent week that a physician, a lawyer, a linguist, an architect and a musician sought shelter and food. They were not of the really wrecked class of mankind—simply unfortunate in getting employment to tide them over the strained finances of their purses.

Many a man arrives in a new country—enters the metropolis with one throbbing thought—work. He tramps streets which have no end—seeks out the rulers of the city, but all without success. "Not wanted." "No help required just now," are but some of the many expressions which come from the lips of his fellowmen. But he must eat; he must rest. He is honest and he is heartbroken. Tragedies are read in the daily news which but thinly skim the real truth of the wanderer of the earth. Hence the municipal lodging house. It is the real need, the real charity, the real necessity of this vast army of nomadic humanity.



CROP OF TITLE-WEARERS IS SCARCE THIS SEASON

Itancy on the part of certain titled bachelors of Britain to visit America.

Not all noblemen are fortune-hunters, and these blue bloods hold that to come here single and heart free would be to invite criticism, and certainly would result in their being misunderstood. Probably there is something in this novel attitude, but the foreign dukes, earls and counts have only themselves to blame for it. Americans are skeptical after all the experiences of the last couple of decades. They have paid dearly for the experience, too, for they have the word of Henry Clives for it that \$300,000,000 would be a fair estimate of the amount American heiresses have married with them in Europe.